

SUCCESS.

The word unbreathed, whose temper true
From the heart's fire was sent,
The goal I never reached, wherefore
My spirit's strength was bent,
All—all I longed and failed to do
Is full accomplishment.

And somewhere in the fields whereon
The ungarnered harvests lie,
My sheaves lie ripening in the sun
That warms eternity,
And filled with food myself hath sown
This farnished soul shall be.
—Grace Ellery Channing, in Youth's Companion.

A Letter-Writer's Blunder.

By JAMES C. HILLWELL.

"Dolly, dear, there is a gentleman in the sitting-room who wishes to see you. What shall you do? Of course, I know that you are not presentable; how could you be, while engaged in washing windows? But he seems so anxious to see you, I could not say no. There! I've dropped his card somewhere. Well, no matter. But if you will, Dolly—just step in and speak to him."

Aunt Jane paused to take breath. There was a timid quaver, a half-deprecating tone in her voice, too, as though she knew that she was resolved a great deal, but had still resolved to do her duty courageously.

The room at whose open door she was standing—the best in the old-fashioned farmhouse nestling among the Pontiac Hills—looked at present as though no power could set it straight again. It was so provoking! Her pretty niece, Dolly Thorpe, from the metropolis, had come to spend the summer with Aunt Jane; and hardly was she comfortably settled when a telegram had arrived from Dolly's father requesting Aunt Jane to receive, for a few weeks, a particular friend of his own, who wished to try the effect of the fresh air upon a somewhat delicate constitution.

The telegram had been received the day previous, and, just at that particular juncture, Aunt Jane's one servant had given notice, and taken her departure. There was no help for it. The work must be done somehow, and the best room put in readiness for the expected guest.

Dolly Thorpe was standing upon a stepladder in the cheery apartment known as "the spare room," busily engaged in cleaning the windows. She was a pretty girl, with roush brown eyes, and a mass of curly black hair. She had been interrupted in her work several times already that morning, and this last summons seemed the one drop too much for her overflowing cup of vexations.

Each demand upon her time and patience Dolly had met and faced bravely, for Aunt Jane was just recovering from a serious illness, and was hardly able to get about the house. To-morrow the new servant would come, and Dolly would be freed from her arduous duties.

In the meantime the expected guest, whose name her father had not taken the trouble to mention, being simply referred to in Mr. Thorpe's telegram as "a friend of mine"—they knew not whether the expected guest was male or female—was liable at any moment to drop in upon them.

All this time Dolly had been standing upon the stepladder, gaping down into Aunt Jane's appealing face, with intense dismay upon her own, and a piece of chamomile in her hand. She wore a blue calico gown, tied up above a pair of little feet in not altogether irreproachable slippers; a pink cap surmounted her curly head. Yet she was simply charming, thought Aunt Jane.

"Just step down a minute, dear," pleaded that individual, meekly.

Stifling an inward groan, Dolly turned round, but catching the skirt of her gown upon the ladder as she did so, she was left for a brief space suspended like Mahomet's coffin. The bucket of soapsuds upon the top of the stepladder grew uneasy, and came down to see what was the matter; and the scene that followed can be better imagined than described.

In the midst of the excitement, while Dolly was struggling with the refractory stepladder, which had suddenly collapsed, converting the bare floor into a miniature lake, in which, to use her own expression, she was "getting along swimmingly," a tall form appeared in the open doorway, a pair of merry gray eyes took in the scene, and a musical voice, straggling hard to stifle a burst of laughter, asked sweetly:

"Can I be of any assistance? Why?" in mock astonishment, "if it isn't Dolly Thorpe!"

"Jack!" with a shrill little shriek of dismay. "Yes, it is I. How do you like my get-up? Aunt Jane's servant has taken French leave; somebody had to do this."

"Was it really necessary that all this should be done?" asked Jack Bentley, with lurking mischief in his voice.

Dolly flared up in an instant. How dare he laugh at her?

You know what I mean. Just lift that side of the stepladder, Jack, and be quiet. There! Thanks awfully. I shall get out of it somehow. I feel like the immortal youth who stood on the burning deck." Jack!" suddenly emerging from the general confusion, and holding out two white hands in greeting, her bright eyes shining like stars, "I'm so glad to see you. Did you drop down from the skies? What brought you here?"

"Well, that is good!" suppressing a whistle. "I was so sure you would be glad to see me that I didn't stop to invent any excuse for coming. But I refuse to have anything to say to you until you have made yourself presentable. Go and put on a dry dress!"

"But," she inquired, ruefully, "who is to finish the room? It is a point of honor with me to carry out an undertaking, and then—I've promised Aunt Jane."

"All right, I'll help you. What is to be done next?"

"You don't mean it?"

For Jack was pulling off his coat, and looking quite fierce, as though longing to set to work in real earnest.

"Well," pursued Dolly, "if you really want to—" Jack made a wry face—"I will not stand in the way—not for the world. Go to work if you like. No doubt work will do you good, and prove a novel experience. The greater part is done, anyhow. We have only to mop up the floor, lay the rug, put in the furniture, hang the curtains, and—"

"Stay! Enough! enough! And for whom are all these preparations intended, for some one is expected—I feel it in the air."

Dolly laughed.

"Quite a swell, no doubt. You see, we don't really know, but suspect that it is one of the sternest sex. Papa just telegraphed to Aunt Jane to expect a friend of his to-day."

Jack Bentley turned the empty pail upside down, and coolly proceeded to seat himself upon the inverted edge.

"Dolly, how long have you had the pleasure of my acquaintance?" was the apparently irrelevant question.

She laughed gayly.

"Exactly three years and six months," she announced, demurely, "and I must confess I don't know anything good of you." But the tender light in the merry brown eyes beamed her saucy words.

Jack continued loftily:

"I pass your insinuations by with the contempt they merit. Rose of the world, did you ever promise to marry me—circumstances permitting—or did you not?"

She crept a little closer to his side.

"I—I am afraid I did," she said, softly. "But, oh, Jack! paper would be furious if he knew. He will never consent—because—"

"Because I am as poor as the proverbial church mouse, and he intends that you shall marry Horace Dillingham, the rich merchant."

"Jack!"

"It is true, dear—quite true. Now, listen to my tale of woe. I am here—here to stay! I am your Aunt Jane's expected guest. Are you willing, sweetheart?"

"Willing? Oh, Jack!"

Not another word; but somehow he seemed quite content.

"Please explain," she ventured, timidly, after a pause of golden silence.

Jack drew from his pocket an open letter, addressed to himself, and placed it in Dolly's hand.

It began "My Dear Friend," and ended "Yours as ever" ("Quite tender," Jack declared, in parenthesis), "RUFUS THORPE."

In this letter Mr. Thorpe, Dolly's father proceeded to advise his "dear friend" to make a trip at once to Millside, in the Pontiac Hills, to his sister-in-law's house—Miss Jane Dean—slightly insinuating that his daughter, Miss Dolly, would warmly welcome him there.

Dolly's face assumed a look of bewilderment as she read her father's letter. What did it all mean?"

"Why, Jack, what has changed papa so? He used to be so violently opposed to you, you know, I cannot understand it at all!"

"I can," Jack answered, grimly. "He wrote this letter to Dillingham, and one to me at the same time, only mine was of an entirely different nature, I imagine. In his haste he made a common mistake; he inclosed my letter in the envelope addressed to Dillingham, and vice versa. The invitation to Mr. Dillingham, in which no name was mentioned, was received by me. What could I do but accept?"

"What, indeed?" laughed Dolly. "And now that you are here, we will just have a splendid time."

Taken into their confidence, Aunt Jane could not find it in her heart to object, for Jack was in every way unobjectionable, save that he was not wealthy. Yet he held a good position in a prosperous firm, and his advancement was only a question of time, after all.

Mr. Rufus Thorpe was overwhelmed with consternation one day, while sitting in his office, by the apparition of the two young culprits, with the astounding announcement that they had been quietly married that morning.

"I won her under false pretenses; but she's mine, all the same," the young rascal unblushingly added.

But when Mr. Thorpe had learned that a distant relative of Jack Bentley's had just shuffled off this mortal coil, leaving him sole heir to a neat little fortune, he thought better of the marriage, and in time expressed unqualified approval.—New York Weekly.

The Austrian Lloyd line established the first week in January a fast fortnightly steamship service between Trieste and Brindisi, on the Mediterranean, and Karachi and Bombay, India, with a maximum voyage of fifteen days.

The first standing army of modern times was established by Charles VII of France in 1445. In England the first standing army was organized in 1628.

The Farm

Steam, Dry and Cover Milk Bottles.

Bottles handled in an ordinary commercial way at the Wisconsin Experiment Station and exposed to steam for ten minutes were found to contain a much smaller number of bacteria. In the condensation water in bottles which had been steamed and allowed to stand at room temperature for twenty-four hours the number of bacteria varied from 1,786,800 to 3,981,000. In two corresponding series of bottles containing no condensation water the numbers of bacteria were 60,710 and 330,100. In a series of steamed bottles exposed to the air for twenty-four hours the number of bacteria averaged 292,450 per bottle, while in a similar series which had been covered with a linen cloth the number of bacteria averaged 11,615, showing the importance of keeping bottles covered.

Moving Hens.

Fowls are very fond of their home and they very much dislike to be moved. It is not a profitable business to move them unless it is absolutely necessary. If eggs are the object sought it is very important that laying hens should not be moved from one location to another while laying, as it will diminish the supply of eggs. Where it is possible to do so pullets that are intended as layers should be brought up within sight of the location they are to occupy when they begin laying. On the contrary, if it is desirable to delay the laying of a hen or a pullet for any reason all that is necessary is to move them from one locality to another and the business is done. This is sometimes done among fanciers when it is desired that they put their energies into growth instead of eggs. Sometimes a broody hen may be broken up by removing her nest from one locality to another. And especially is this true where new companions are given her.

Fertilizer in Clover Roots.

In growing clover the farmer, as a rule, wholly overlooks its great value as a soil fertilizer through the great amount of nitrogen which is gained by simply growing the clover. The roots, therefore, may be claimed as a portion of the crop and the profit, and should be included in the accounts as such. In one experiment sixty pounds of roots remained in the soil, valued at \$9.00, which represented so much plant food waiting to be utilized the next season, and which differed from that usually supplied from the fact that it was not necessary to invest any capital the next season in nitrogenous fertilizer, as the nitrogen required was already in the soil and for use. Any farm that can be brought to that condition, so as to enable it to produce clover, can be gotten into the highest state of fertility, as it is only necessary to supply the cheaper mineral fertilizers in order to balance the plant food. The profits do not depend wholly upon the crops harvested but upon the price realized compared with the amount of material removed from the land, the real wealth and capital of the farmer being his soil, and when he can sell something from the land in the form of a crop, which will provide him with more than he took from it, he is sure to become prosperous in a few years.

Fruit Trees From Cuttings.

All attempts to grow apple trees from cuttings will lead to disappointment. Only a very small per cent, will live and they will prove worthless. Peaches will not grow at all from cuttings. Of pears, Le Conte, if properly handled, will grow from cuttings as well as willow. The Marianna plum is also very easy to grow the same way; so also are many kinds of quinces.

To prepare cuttings for planting select nice, straight shoots of the current year's growth. As soon as the leaves fall cut them eight to ten inches long and pack them in a box of damp sand or well-rotted sawdust. Put the box in some place secure from frost until spring and see that the contents are kept at all times damp, but not soaked. In spring you will find the cuttings nicely calloused. Be careful not to expose them to the air more than necessary when setting out in the nursery and if possible select a mild, still day for the purpose.

To grow Kiefer pears from cuttings make an assisted cutting by grafting a short piece of quince root one inch or an inch and a half on the bottom of an eight-inch scion. Do this in February and treat as recommended above.

The best plan for growing Japan plums is to graft a long scion on a small peach seedling in February, planting deeply in spring and planting still deeper when set in orchard. By following this plan you will have fine trees of abundant growth on their own roots, even though the land is too wet for peach trees to live in at all.

To grow peach seedlings, throw up a bed by cutting a trench around it. Plant the seed on top the bed, covering them two inches deep. This should be done late in the fall and in spring when the seedlings are three or four inches high, transplant to nursery row. A transplanted peach seedling makes a better root system than one not so treated.—The Epitome.

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